All Bark

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by BaBaBooey37

Summary

After a mission leaves both Hanzo and Cole feeling flustered, they try to have an argument that turns into something very different. All would be better if Hanzo could stop being a condescending ass for two seconds.

Notes

Sorry this is a little short, its my first time writing any sort of smut 😭😭😭 very much felt like i was about to write 'and they came and it was awesome!'

See the end of the work for more notes

Cole fiddled with his belt, he needed to do something with his hands, at least his flesh one. Hanzo was drilling into him with those deep black eyes that Cole could get lost in… it occurred to him that Hanzo's eyes were as black as… *cole.* He lets out a small chuckle that causes the other man to raise his eyebrow, almost accusatory.

"Sorry… uhm… thought about a- thought about a dumb joke."
"Mhm." Hanzo's mouth curled to the side in a sneer, the finger prints on his cheeks became more apparent, making Cole want to sink into the ground.
"Yeah…" The tension could be shot through. It sends tingles right down Cole's spine and a flush to his cheeks, he had to duck his head to hide behind his hat. Save some sort of dignity. It's his fault he's in this predicament in the first place, so really the gunslinger was the last person who should be whining. Damn that afternoon mission.

They'd been sent about eighty miles from Gibraltar to interfere with a weapons deal between a couple of gangs and Talon in some red dusty middle of nowhere area. Nice and easy so it only required two agents. Hanzo and Cassidy.
"So, you been working alone most of your life… How many missions have you gone on with Overwatch?" Cole asked as he pulled himself out of the inconspicuous car Overwatch had supplied them.

"I am more than capable of working in a team. If that's what you're asking."
"I ain't doubting, I just wanted to know." Defensive little thing. Hanzo huffed before muttering out something. "Didn't catch that."
"Three." Cole tried not to let his doubt show on his face, three was too few to have really become accustomed to working in a team, especially since it was never the same group of people you were working with.

"Alright. Let's go over the protocols then, just so they're fresh in your head." It had been meant as a genuine offer of guidance but Hanzo's face soured more than it usually did.

"Do not speak down to me, *cowboy.* I am more than-"
"Oh, be quiet." The archer blinked, so taken off guard that he forgot to hold that permanent scowl. "Excuse me?"
"You might be some big shot mercenary in Japan but around here? I'm the experienced one, I'm the one with seniority so you listen to me." Cole wondered when he'd grown a pair but listening to the high and mighty Hanzo Shimada irked something in him, always sounding so damn pompous. It felt good to knock him down a peg. Felt even better watching his expressions go from arrogant dismay to haughty indignation, after a moment of trying to murder the cowboy with his eyes, Hanzo relented.

"Fine."

“Good, I’m glad we could sort that out.” The close sound of cars alerted them both. “Let’s get behind these rocks, listen in and see what information we can find out.” Cole was almost surprised the other listened, crouching behind where he was quickly joined.

The loud, abrasive nature of whatever gang Talon had aligned itself with was made very quickly apparent. They shouted and squawked with excitement over their big deal with the infamous Talon. Obnoxious. Cole rolled his eyes, getting even closer to the ground, Hanzo watched his movements carefully, seeing if it would be in his best interest to copy them. They listened to the commotion, unfortunately, because of how unprofessional the gang seemed to be, the Talon officers were uninterested in keeping the conversation going.

“Is this it?” A harsh voice snapped, Cole wasn’t paying attention as he was stealing glances at the archers face. Hanzo was just Cole's type. Physically, at least. A strong, handsome face with beautiful hair and sharp eyes. Too bad he’s a prick.
“Fuck you, ya’ uppity fuck!” Damn, maybe he should have been paying attention. Cole huffed, he usually didn’t get distracted like this. Especially not over a *man.* What would Reyes say? A scuffle had broken out between the Talon officers and the gang, Hanzo had raised his bow but Cole waved his hand, telling him to back down. The archer couldn’t have looked more irritated if he tried but it wasn’t taken into account.

They listened to the argument and while it was aggressive, it didn’t seem to be escalating into something physical so they didn’t need to get themselves involved. It didn’t go over Cole's head how disappointed Hanzo looked, perhaps thinking he was going to release some pent up energy in a fight. Personally, Cole would rather it worked out itself.
“Well… it was a pleasure meeting you all… but I think it’ll be better if we take our business elsewhere.”
“Whatever! We can sell these for twice the price you were offering.” A couple of rowdy voices agreed with a boyish joy, Cole counts about ten. The type that are harmless in the long run, they’re no Deadlock gang. Once they hear the Talon officers leave, Cole eases up, now they just have to wait out these idiots. Ducking his head around, he’s shocked to see easily thirty five to forty men standing around. Thin and agile, bulky and massive, many types of angry men. That’s just not a fight worth going at, Coles got a lot of faith in himself and his partner but forty men? All armed with weaponry *Talon* had shown interest in and had only been discouraged due to how much there was? Sounds like a recipe for disaster. Glancing over, Cole realised that Hanzo was creeping forward to attack.

A green blast shot over their heads, leaving the air sizzling. Cole grabbed Hanzo by the back of his vest, yanking him back before he could be seen. More blasts from the lasers and guns started blasting around them. Idiots were extremely dangerous to fight, you can’t predict them. Two trained fighters to forty idiots with a lot of power weren't good odds.

“Release me. I’ll make quick work.” Hanzo hissed quietly, not wanting to lose the element of surprise.
“You’ll get us killed.” Cole replied simply. ‘I can work in a team’ like hell he could. Hanzo

elbowed Cole's chest harshly. Hissing a swear, the gunslinger snatched his partner back again, this time pinning him down with his entire body. Hanzo made to snap at him, about to give away their cover and doom them to an ugly fight but Cole clamped a hand over his mouth. The men laughed and yelled as they shot carelessly, rock chipped and landed on Coles back. One got dangerously close to them, by the sound of his footsteps, he was *big.* Cole squeezed Hanzo's face, subconsciously as the tension tightened all his muscles. Hanzo whimpered against his palm, breaking the gunslinger out of his focus as he lessened his grip. Thank God there was enough chaos going on to cover it from anyone else's ears.

“Holy shit man! Look what the guns did to this rock, you think it could go through walls?”
“I guess… Who cares man, we can’t use ‘em anymore. Or we’ll have to sell them for less, y’know… cause they’re used.”
“Alright! Alright, boy’s, pack this shit up, we gotta go.”

After a fair bit of lolligagging, the gang had packed themselves up and gone. Cole sighed in relief, immediately noticing that his breath hit Hanzo’s cheek. Then he realised their position. With his metal hand, he pinned both of the archers' wrists above his head, his other hand was firmly clamped over Hanzo’s mouth. Cole's chest was pressed against the others back and Hanzo’s delicate ankles had been easily pinned down by the gunslingers own legs. Overall, he’d literally sandwiched his partner underneath him. Cole, red in the face, basically jumped off the smaller man. Taking Hanzo’s arm, he pulled the other up onto his feet.

“Let’s go.”

Cole cringed at how silent the car ride home had been. He’d glanced over once to look at the archer and seen him red faced, with his hands in his lap.

“You shouldn’t have gotten in my way!” Cole paused at the announcement, Hanzo stared at him defiantly.

“Excuse me?” Scoffing, the gunslinger shook his head in complete disbelief. “You would have gotten us *killed.”*
“If you are weak enough to die in a fight with a bunch of braindead fools, then that is your fault.” The audacity of this pompous bastard. Cole strode up to the smaller man, leaning over him, Hanzo didn’t back down, puffing out his chest.

“You think anyone's intimidated by your fancy ass words then you’re sorely mistaken.”
“Most aren’t intimidated by words, perhaps that speak to your character.”
“You’re all bark, darlin’. Didn’t have much when you couldn’t snap orders. *Or* make arrogant, off the handle decisions.” Hanzo’s face flushed pink, his lips closing tightly for a moment.

“You… You caught me by surprise!”
“Oh really? I would take you for a rematch any day, any *time.”*

“Is that so…?” Before Cole could reply with something smart and witty, Hanzo struck him in the stomach. The gunslinger doubled over, gasping for breath. The sound of a pompous laugh rang in Cole's ears. His hair was gripped, jerking his head up.

“Not so adept at fighting when *you’re* taken by surprise.” Slapping his hand away, the gunslinger wrapped an arm around Hanzo’s waist, lifting him and slamming him onto the table. They were in Gibraltar's lounge but there were only a handful of people staying there at the moment, hopefully none of them decided they wanted company. Pushing those thoughts aside, Cole pinned both of the archers' wrists down, besides his head this time. He pulled Hanzo further up on the table so he could rest a knee in between the other man's legs.
“Prove you got some bite now.” Panting, Cole added, “Or would it be more fair to put you in the same position we were in just an hour ago?” That gets a rise, arching his back and baring his teeth in a fury, Hanzo tries to murder Cole with his eyes. ‘Not like he was gettin’ anywhere squrmin’ around’ the cowboy thinks to himself.

“You’re a wretched bastard!” Looking at the whole picture, something becomes apparent to the ‘wretched bastard’.

“Really now, you seem to be findin’ *something* in all this.” Hair a mess, cheeks flushed, Hanzo looks away. Clearly, he knows what Cole's referring to.

“Like I’d ever- Hm, you wouldn’t know what to do with me if you had me.” He barks a mean laugh. “I’m sure every man that’s ever been with you regards it as the most despairing three minutes of their lives!” *Defensive little thing.*

“Well… I don’t want any rumours goin’ on about me… might have to prove you wrong.” They're both so close their noses nearly touch, heat emanating from their flushed faces. Hanzo narrows his eyes.

“Do you *worst*.” Cole rubs his knee against the other man's crotch, grinning as Hanzo clamps his mouth shut to keep his whimper firmly to himself.

“Yes, your highness.”

Flipping Hanzo over his shoulder had been a delight, carrying him up to Cole's bedroom was even better.

“What if someone see’s?!”
“Then I hope you can think of an explanation in the next three minutes.” The gunslinger hisses as his hair is roughly pulled by calloused hands.

“You will sorely regret this when I get my hands on you.”
“That’s real cute.” Real cute it was. Once they got into Cole's room, he threw Hanzo onto his bed. After tearing clothes off of one another, the archer tried to gain the upper hand, yanking

a tuft of brown hair, this time to expose tan flesh. Cole let his skin be bitten and marked for a moment before grabbing the other's waist and spinning him around, pinning Hanzo down face first. Sinking his teeth into the soft, pale crook of the older man's neck. Listening to the whimpers and grunts of the other man was a reward in itself, the all high and mighty Shimada so easily reduced into something weak and needy.

“You just don’t know how to sit still, do ya’?” He cracked his hand across Hanzo’s ass, listening to the grunt in pure satisfaction.
“W-Well, perhaps I know I’d do a better job.”
“Honey,” Cole pulls Hanzo’s hair free, watching it fall silky over the man's face. "You just gotta trust me.”
“You’ll *earn* my trust, Cassidy.”
“Fine. Stubborn ass princess.” Shimadas must have a way of getting under Cole's skin, Genji could be just as irritating when he was in his moody phase. Moving his hands from Hanzo’s wrists, one tangles in soft black hair and the other runs down the curve of his ass until it can press two fingers into his entrance. Even though he’s just being stretched and warmed up, Coles is surprised by how much his partner moans, as soft as it is.

“You tryna tell me a handsome guy like you doesn’t get it much?” Hanzo tries to squirm but he can’t do much with Cole's hand so firmly keeping his head down so he just spits out his answer.
“Not all of us slutted around in our early years… Besides, I usually *give* it.”
“I doubt that. Don’t matter how much you did or didn’t, just means I get to ravage you *real* good tonight. I’m gonna wipe every ounce of arrogance and condescension off your face. You ain’t gonna be able to look into my eyes without rememberin’ how you were beggin’ my name.” Coles had added another finger during his speech, picking up the space a little just to hear Hanzo’s breath quicken.
“All- All bark.” He mutters, pressing his face into the pillow. Not doing much to back up his little insults. Grabbing Hanzo’s hips with an iron grip, Cole moves the smaller man onto his knees. The sight was damn near breathtaking, Hanzo had hid his face in his arms, with his back arched and his ass high. God, he’ll remember this every time he has to deal with the high and mighty Shimada. Hastily, Cole pulled a tub of lube out from his drawer, something he’s sure won’t surprise his partner considering he’s a ‘slut’ but he’s not the one with his back arched right now.

While he entered slow and allowed Hanzo to become accustomed, he didn’t want to let the arrogant prick think he was getting off easy. Leaning over, Cole took a move from the others play book, pulling Hanzo’s hair and biting his neck and shoulders, leaving clusters of bruises and bite marks. Thrusting with a deliberate hardness, Hanzo immediately went to hide his face in his arms again but Cole clamped his mouth the same way he did in the stakeout, lifting the archer's delicate, flushed face.

“Come on, now… don’t you want to show me how *unaffected* you are. I’m terrible after all.” Despite his attempt to furrow his eyebrows in a scowl, Hanzo moaned against Cole's palm after every thrust, tears springing to his eyes in both overstimulation and partial embarrassment. He couldn’t believe he’d allowed himself to actually *enjoy* this stupid western bastard's dick.

“Hold on now.” Cole’s voice was slick with taunting and amusement, pressing Hanzo’s cheek against his own, thrusting faster and harder. Making the other moan louder and higher. “It sounds to me… like I ain’t so terrible. You gotta tell me, Shimada… Are ya usually this whiney or I’m I just this good?” Cole slid his hand down from Hanzo’s lips to his neck, still not allowing him to hide his face.

“Go- Go fuh- hah- fuck yourself.” He hears mocking tuts of disappointment.
“Wrong answer, darlin’. Well that’s alright, I’m sure we can see how far you go.” Pulling out, the sadistic side of Cole enjoys hearing his poor partners whine of disappointment. Luckily, it didn't last long as Hanzo’s spun around onto his back. Grabbing his legs and placing them over Cole's shoulders, they got right back into it and the relief on Hanzo’s face could have been a picture.

“Awh, you miss me already. I was sick ‘a holdin’ that pretty face up. I want to see all of you, wanna see exactly what makes you tick, Shimada.” It was a gamble on if Hanzo was actually listening, his eyes were a little dazed as he stared up at the ceiling.

“Fuck me harder.” He demanded, ‘good to know he’s still with us’ Cole thinks before giving a lazy smile.
“Nah… gonna drag you over hot coals for as long as I can.” To the absolute shock and pleasure of the gunslinger, Hanzo *pouted,* looking away before sharply turning his head to glare at Cole.

“I- I could be being *much* more uncooperative right now! And I ask-!” He’s stopped at the sound of a mocking coo.
“Awww has the little prince never been told ‘no’ before. Ya’ gonna throw a tantrum? I fuck you as slow as I *please.”* Squeezing Hanzo’s cheeks, Cole maintains steady eye contact before thrusting into him to punctuate. “And you’ll lie back. ‘N take it. Like a good boy. Understand?” Arching his back, Hanzo babbled out several types of ‘yes’, his hands clutching his hair, since hiding his face had been forbidden.

“Good, you listen so well when you try, darlin’” If Hanzo was any redder they wouldn’t have any need for a lamp.

Finally, Cole had wiped the arrogance off of Shimada’s face. He was moaning, grunting and whimpering with his face in full display as Cole fucked him and ran his tongue over his nipples, biting the soft flesh of his tit. It was a little mean just how much of Hanzo’s skin had been marked, he was going to be making a lot of use of those turtle necks he owned. Not that Cole cared much, if he didn’t want to be fucked stupid he shouldn’t have been so rude all the damn time. He could feel he was getting close though, damn his aging body… back in Blackwatch he could have gone for hours upon hours. Hanzo looked as though he’d had enough, time to wrap this up.
“You been a good boy for me?” Cole asked, patting the other man's cheek lovingly. Hanzo rapidly nodded. “Yeah… you did good. You want me in or out?”
“I-In…”
“Alright…” Cole was relieved, it was always better when he didn’t need to play the pull out game. Hanzo was first, coming as he gripped Cole's shoulders and his partner wasn’t far

behind, pressing his face into the crook of Hanzo's bruised neck. They rest for a moment, slumped against each other's sweat soaked bodies but as the moment passes, Cole lifts Hanzo up.

"We *need* to shower."
"...Agreed."

They were back in bed the second they could be, Cole's arms wrapped firmly around Hanzo's waist. Both their eyes closed but neither sleeping.

"So… how was that for 'three minutes'?"
"Shut up." Being pulled closer, the archer accepted his fate of annoying questions that would do nothing but boost this man's obnoxious ego.
"Never thought a man like you could whine like that, Shimada, you could at least tell me I did a good job."
"It… was not the worst I've had."
"Why, thank you, prince." They went back to silence for a few moments before Hanzo's eye cracked open again.

"But if I wake tomorrow to find your hand prints on my face, I will not be so pleased." They had already formed by the time they were in the shower so Cole did damage control.
"Well, I might have to take you back to bed and remind you how worth it all of it was." He is given a dissatisfied huff in return.

"You better let me have a turn next time." The cowboys heart nearly beats out of his chest, now he knows he did a good job. Kissing Hanzo's jaw, he mutters into his ear.
"'Course darlin'."

End Notes

Thank you for readinggg

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